Oxford Democrat.

No. 24, Vol. 5, New Series. Paris, Maine, Tuesday, October 21, 145. Old Series, No. 34, Vol. 14.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. Chiller,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN RUMFORD.*

One lovely day, 'twas seventy years ago,
Just as the sun was sinking down to rest,
Two trav'lers issued from the o'erhanging wood,
And stood upon the river's western shore.
Weary and worn were they; for they had come
Far, far from home: the father and his son
Of seven years old, had toiled for many a day
Thro' trackless forest, seeking a new home
On beauteous Androscoggin's peaceful shores.
Full many a love'ly spot had tempted them
To pause awhile. That morning they had stood
By the steep Falls, when earliest sunlight threw
A glory over every [illegible]
And sparkled with [illegible]
Mid the white [illegible]
Long stood they [illegible]
Then turned away. "Not [illegible]" the Father said,
"Build we our home." "Thus [illegible] Jehovah speaks
In mighty power, and fills the soul with awe.
I better love the place where the deep stream,
A fitting emblem of the love of Christ,
Flows clear and noiseless, making earth rejoice."
They plunged again in the thick woods and now
Were standing here. "Ay, here," he murmured low,
"We'll make our home." "Here, on this charming plain,
Mid these majestic trees the smoke shall rise
From happy hearthstones: from the world shut out
By these surrounding hills, we'll make ourselves
A little Eden: and should strife invade
This lovely scene, or careful toils distract
The weary day, at evening we will come
To this green bank, and look upon the stream
Flowing so sweetly on, so smooth, so calm,
That every weary care will flow away,
And each unholy thought be calmed to peace."
The sun's last rays had left the golden wave
While he was speaking; but a lingered still
Upon the summits of the wood clad mounts,
And all the west was clothed in gorgeous clouds
Of gold, and crimson, and the rich, dark woods
Reposed in shade, while the whole air was sweet
With summer flowers, and from the forest's heart
Gushed the wild birds sweet hymns.
The boy's young heart was filled
With glee that he had no words to tell.
But by his side, the father's voice burst forth
In words of praise. "Thy glory Heaven declares,
And the new earth speaks forth Thy handy-work:
We'll praise Thy Name!" Then, kneeling down
[illegible]
A psalm of David, and his soul poured out
In prayer to God. Thanks that their lot was cast
In that sweet place: prayer that their God
Would bless their household, and would make this land
A second Canaan. The strong fervent prayer
Went up through the surrounding woods, and pierced
The heaven's blue vault to the Eternal Throne.

Paris, September, 1845. S.

* An incident mentioned by a writer in "The Banner," in giving an account of the early settlement of Rumford.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY J. B. FOSTER.

Chapter I.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."
[*Shakspeare.*

I hate to write a long introduction! and many readers, I know, dislike as much to read one.—Therefore, with your permission, dear reader, we will proceed to tell our tale in a plain, straight forward manner, without any of the metaphorical circumlocution usually employed by the 'story tellers of the present day.

Eva Lincon was the only daughter of a [illegible] merchant in the city of New York. She was an only child, and doated [illegible] father and mother; and well might they be fond and proud of such a daughter; for she was beautiful as the poets fancy when they dream of love; and although she had been through the whole formula required for a 'fashionable education,' she was not in the common parlance of the day 'a spoilt child'—for proficient as nature had been with the exterior, the *mind* had not been neglected. And, with discriminating sense, she refused to be trammeled or confined by the opinions of her over-fastidious companions.

Her father was a very plain man, in manners and appearance. He had acquired his fortune (which was large) by assidious industry, and a close economical management of business. He left the whole management of domestic affairs to his wife, who was very discreet in such matters, always looking well to her own interest, even if others suffered in consequence. She was the daughter of a wealthy man, but through the ignorance, perhaps, of the male sex, as regards her qualifications, she had reached an age something beyond girlhood, before she was united in hymen's holy bonds. She had married Mr. Lincon not for *love*, for this was a feeling that she had probably never experienced, but because it was an eligible match, and an only offer.

It could not be expected that one who had never loved, would possess much sympathy for another's dealing with the blind God. Nor did Mrs. Lincon; as the following conversation will show.

'Who was that visited you this morning?' asked she of her daughter, on the morning our tale commences.

'No one but Henry Grey.'

'And why was he here?'

'I am sure I do not know—why does any one visit us?'

'To enjoy our society, and to form an acquaintance I suppose.'

'Well, that was probably the occasion of his calls.'

'But he comes very often.

'Not too often, mother!'

'Not to suit you, perhaps; but I had rather his were more like angels visits.

'Why so mother?—what harm has he done to you?'

'None that I know of—but I do not like him.'

'But he is not to blame for your dislikes.'

'That may be; but I can't comprehend what there is in him you see so inviting'

'Nothing more in him, mother, than in every respectable, honorable young man.'

'But you have a preference?'

'Perhaps—who has not?'

'And because you have a foolish liking for this Grey, I must admire him too.'

'I said not that, mother,' replied Eva, calmly.

'But you do admire him.'

'I have not said that I did.'

'But actions speak louder than words. And, Eva, I do not, for your sake, and for the credit of the family, wish you to associate with him.'

'Why not? Is he not of good standing, and admitted into the best society?'

'He was when he first came here; for he was well recommended by Doctor Mason, of Albany.

'He is some connection of the Doctor's—is he not?'

'So it was thought at first; but George Marvin says he is not.

'How does he know?'

'Why he has been living in Albany, with his sister, for some months past, and he says that he is a poor boy that the Doctor took out of charity and no relation whatever.'

'I cannot believe that story, mother, for you know that George owes Henry no good will, at least.'

'Why, George is a gentleman, and will expose any one that pretends to be what they are not.'

'But what difference can it make provided he is no connection of the Doctor? I cannot see.'

'Why if he is not, he is an imposter; and has been admitted into society above his birth and standing.'

'I cannot see it in this light; for you say he was recommended by the Doctor as being a worthy young man'

'That may be, and still descended from the very dregs of society.'

But if this is the case and he conducts himself in a gentlemanly manner, it ought not to be any disgrace to him.

'Why, Eva! I dare say that if his father and mother had both died in the poor-house, you would say it was no dishonor to him.'

'So I should, mother, and think he was worthy of more respect, having raised himself to his present standing by his own exertions.

'But, Eva,' said the mother, *solemnly*, 'would you marry him were this the case?'

'I should wait until I received proposals.'

'But I do not wish to have him propose; for he is not a suitable match for you, even if his parentage were good.'

'Why, mother?'

'Because he has only commenced his studies, and'——

'But you forget he is already practising.'

'Well! that makes no difference—he is, as I said before, just commencing business, and having nothing to commence with, it must necessarily be some time, even if he has remarkable success, before he can be in a situation to support a woman in the style, in which you are used to living.'

'It is because he is poor that you do not admire him, you would say?'

'That is one reason, Eva.'

But he is in the same condition that my father was when he commenced business.'

'Your father was wealthy when I married him'

'That may be; but you would not have refused him had he been penniless.'

'*Yes I would*; and I advise you as a mother who feels for your welfare, to look well to your own interests. And as regards this report respecting Grey's parentage, if I find it to be true, I shall not receive his visits in future.' Thus saying, she left the room.

Eva was surprised at the turn the conversation had taken; and although she doubted not but that her mother had spoken the sentiments of her heart, yet thought she, 'My mother never loved! she must have ever been a stranger to that high and holy feeling—that ardent affection which invades my heart. Her cold calculations are not the language my feelings would dictate towards —but no! I will not be won unsought! I will not love to have my fondest hopes blasted by disappointment—and to feel that I am despised. But I care not for this silly story of George Marvin. Him *I have once refused*, and his mean mind could suggest no better revenge than thus to slander one who is far above him in every thing but wealth—which is with me, but a secondary object.'

Chapter II.

"Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best."
* * * * * *
"'Tis a cruelty,
To love a falling man. [KING HENRY VIII.

Henry Grey was a young man of fine appearance, and commanding talent. His natural ability had been much improved by a course of studies under the direction of his friend and guardian, Doctor Mason. The doctor well knew that Henry was dependent upon his own exertions; and he doubted not but that with a good education he would in time, win for himself a name and reputation which would be far more lasting and more benefit than a princely fortune.

With this view he had, a few years before our story commences, written to a friend of his, an eminent member of the Bar in New York, to superintend the studies of his ward. And accordingly Henry had taken up his residence in that city.

He was immediately admitted into the most refined society, and attracted by the beauty, at first of Eva, he was led to form an acquaintance with her, which resulted in a feeling of congenial attachment. And though neither had spoken of their passion but by bright glances, that told of love to eyes that looked love again; yet both felt certain there was a reciprocal feeling between them.

Henry was admired by many for his ready wit and playful, pleasing manner of conversation.—I say by many, for there were some who envied him his good fortune; and among this number was George Marvin. He saw that his rival was greeted with evident pleasure, and his appearance welcomed with smiles, where he only received a cold, formal welcome. And when he proposed for the hand of Eva Lincon, and was refused, he cursed his more fortunate rival as he considered Henry and swore to be revenged.

But Henry cared not for him, nor his revenge; he knew that the wealth of George Marvin was all that he possessed, and had it not been for that he would have been shunned, instead of courted; for he was gifted with but very little common sense, and was as unprincipled as he was ignorant.

'But there are characters in every community who are always ready to retail slander, no matter from what source it originates. And it was so in this case. At first few believed the story industriously circulated by George Marvin. And he told, he said only what he had heard; he did not vouch for the truth of the report. But

"Rumor was the messenger
Of defamation, and no wight that none
Could be the first to tell an evil tale."

In this way it was whispered around, at first, that Henry Gray was no better than he should be. That he was not what he seemed. And it was finally boldly asserted by some that he had been taken from the 'poor-house' by Doctor Mason, and who his parents were was never known. These reports caused quite a sensation among the aristocratic members of the community; for none could be admitted into their circles whose birth was not acknowledged to be of respectability, unless, forsooth, they possessed fortune, and then this was overlooked, or not enquired after. In this manner was Henry's reputation and standing injured in the estimation of many, before he was aware that there were any such reports in circulation. In fact, he was not aware of it until one day George Marvin, wishing to see what effect it would have upon his victim, came at the office where he was employed, and asked him in a friendly manner if he was to attend the party that evening

'What party?' asked Henry.

'Why have you not been invited?'

'I do not know to what you refer.'

'Why, Mrs. Lincon giver a splendid *fete* to-night to which all the *elite* are invited.'

'I have not heard of it.'

'And you are not going to attend?'

'Of course not.'

'No! no! of course not, without an invitation, but why you have been overlooked, I cannot see.'

'Nor do I care,' said Henry in a nonchalant manner.

'But I should care, for all the respectability are to be there.'

'Then I am not respectable,' said Henry.

'You are aware, then, of the reports, are you?'

'What reports? I have heard none.'

'Concerning your——'

'My what?'

'Don't be excited—I should not have mentioned it, if I had supposed that I was telling any news.'

'Well! well, what is it? out with it, man; nothing horrible, I hope.'

'Oh! no! nothing for which you are to blame; only I have hear it said—in fact it is generally believed—that your parents were——'

'Were what? let me know; were what?'

'Were never known; in fact, that you are the offspring of——of——'

'Say no more, sir!' exclaimed Henry, 'I have heard enough.'

This was what George had wished, and a smile of satisfaction stole across his features when he saw that the shot had taken effect.

Henry was surprised, that was something which he had never dreamed of as being derogatory to him. But he now saw at a glance what use would be made of the circumstances to complete his ruin in the estimation of those he held most dear. He, however, recovered his composure in a few moments and said—

'I had not been informed of this before; and am indebted to you, sir.'

'I am sorry,' said George, 'that I have wounded your feelings, for, believe me, I had no such intention. And I cannot doubt but what this is why Mrs. Lincon has neglected you. Give me leave to contradict this foolish report.'

'No—I do not condescend to notice every idle rumor by those who prey upon the reputation of honorable men.'

'But I am innocent of any intentions to injure you.'

'I have accused none, nor shall I, but my business calls me away.' So saying, he left the office.

George Marvin had done his worst; for this was a subject upon which Henry was particularly sensitive. That his birth was involved in mystery to all but himself and his guardian, he was aware; but he fondly hoped that upon this subject he would never be questioned; nor did he consider that he was responsible for any one's actions but his own. 'But now,' said he, 'this must be trumpeted through the town by every retailer of scandal, as though on me devolved the responsibility of my parents's actions. But dear sainted mother, I cannot suffer nothing in comparison with thy sufferings, and I will not complain, though my fate is hard. But Eva! can she believe this slander? I know she does not. She is far above those simple, simpering ones, who view with horror those who cannot trace their origin back to some noble house, which, thank Heaven, I *can do*, if I would. But her mother must needs show her consequence by looking above such *low born* ones as me. Well I care not. In this country, every one is the maker of his own fortunes, and I will yet win a name by my own exertions, of which I can never be deprived by the subtle, slanderous tongue.'

Chapter III.

"Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

The evening of the party came. The spacious rooms of Mr. Lincon's superb mansion were filled to overflowing with the beauty and talent of the city. There was music, rich in sweet sounds; and the poetry of motion was shown in the giddy dance. All seemed to be joyous and happy. Yet there was one who sat sorrowfully apart, and would not mix with the gay throng.—She who should have been the gayest of the gay, felt not, nor hardly noticed, that gay scene. She cast her eyes around the room—beauty, elegance and wit, were on every side; but one was wanting. There was a vacancy in heart that the adulation of flatterers could not fill. And, sighing, Eva Lincon wondered he was not there.

'Come,' said Mrs. Lincon, approaching her daughter, 'you must dance the next set with George Marvin.'

'I cannot dance to-night, mother.'

'Cannot! You must. See, they are waiting for you now.'

'Ah, Miss Lincon, you are looking superb to-night. Do you dance?' said George Marvin.

'I think not.'

'You are not fond of the amusement?'

'Not very'

'Ah, Mrs. Lincon,' said he, as the old lady approached. 'Splendid party!—all the fashion of the city, I believe, are here. It goes beyond every thing of the kind this season.'

'I intended it should,' said the old lady.

'And it does. I have been wondering why Eva, here—I mean Miss Lincon—does not dance. But I forget; she is promised engaged to Mr Grey?'

'Mr. Grey is not here'

'Not here! I thought he was a favorite of yours.'

'You thought wrong, then, for I did not invite him, even.'

'Ah!' thought Eva, who overheard her mother's remark, 'that, then, is the reason of his absence. But why should this be so? I will know the reason of this neglect.'

So saying, she asked her mother, who just then came round—

'Why have you not sent Henry an invitation?'

'Because I did not desire his presence.'

'But, mother—'

'I don't want to hear any of your 'buts!'—He is not admitted into select circles now; and I shall not break through the established etiquette just because you have a foolish preference for some lowborn impostor!'

Thus was Eva answered by her mother, who would have destroyed her own and her daughter's happiness, rather than to have any of her aristocratic friends think that she demeaned herself by associating with any one as low in birth as report announced Henry Grey to be.

Eva wondered how her mother could be so regardless of her feelings; and, with a sorrowing heart, she soon retired to her own apartment, to muse in silence and alone.

In the mean time Henry remained at home deeply engaged in reading a manuscript which he had received some years before from Dr. Mason.

'Ye,' said he, folding up the paper, 'yes, Eva, you shall be mine, at least, and be independent as regards me! For the rest, the unfeeling ones, I care not. And when you have read what my poor mother in her last days wrote for my benefit, I will venture to ask the richest boon that can to mortal man be given.'

Chapter IV.

"And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will"
[JULIUS CÆSAR.

When Henry again visited Eva, he was received with evident pleasure; but her mother scarcely deigned to speak to him. This Henry did not seem to notice, and she left the room.

'Eva,' said he, as her mother had retired, 'it has been some time since I was so fortunate as to form an acquaintance with you; and subsequent events leads me to think that some history of myself may not be uninteresting.'

'It would be very gratifying to me,' said Eva.

'And reports, of late, derogatory to me and my parantage, I understand, have been in circulation. Perhaps you may have heard them.'

'I have, but I did not believe them.'

'Thank you! thank you!' said Henry. 'I have one friend, then.'

'You have many, I hope.'

'I fear you hope against certainties. But, to my tale—if you will condescend to listen?'

'I shall hear you with pleasure.'

'Some time since, Doctor Mason, who is a worthy man, and one whom I respect, informed me that many years previous he was called upon to visit a woman, who lay sick in a house near his residence. He found, when he arrived, a young woman, who had been there some four weeks. She was a stranger, but she had fallen among those who pitied the distresses of the unfortunate, and were ever ready to extend the hand of charity to those who were suffering.—The sick woman was very low—already beyond the reach of medicine—and in a few days she died. The Doctor had taken some interest in her, and, at her decease, she was decently buried at his expense. That woman was *my mother!* I can just recollect of following her remains to the grave—the last resting place of all! She was my last, my only friend—and the sorrow that my young heart then experienced, I hope you may never feel. I stood at the head of the grave, and silently watched the clods of earth, as one after another they fell upon the coffin. And when the task was done, the grave closed up, and my mother hidden forever from my sight, I turned away, and wept in agony! I had now no friends—no home—and I wished, ardently wished, that I had been buried with her.

'While thus I stood, absorbed in my grief, the Doctor came and took me by the hand, and in a kind manner tried to console me for the loss of my parent; and at last he persuaded me to accompany him home. And a home, indeed, his house has ever been to me. And the love which I bear him could be no greater were he my father.

'When he informed me of these circumstances, he gave me a manuscript written by my mother. I have read it, time and again, and if you will, I wish you to peruse it. I can say no more—*for* my feelings overcome me when I think upon this subject. Adieu for the present—I leave the story of my mother's wrongs with you'

Eva was much surprised at what she had heard and she almost revered the old Doctor for his kindness towards her lover.

When she had composed her feelings, she took the paper which Henry had left, and read with interest the following:

'*To my son Henry:*

'For your benefit I employ the few remaining days allotted me here on earth, in writing a short account of myself and your father, whom you have not seen since you were two years of age.

'I was the daughter of obscure parents residing in England; for there all are obscure, who are not titled. My father was a good liver, although not wealthy; and upon me he doated, for I was an only child. My time passed pleasantly away, without any care or trouble to render me unhappy, until I was about sixteen years old. I then lost my mother, as you, my Henry, are about to lose me. And may God protect you, for you have no other protector! I deeply felt the loss of my parent; but the young are not naturally inclined to sorrow, and my grief soon wore away.

'It seemed as though my father's love for me increased after the death of my mother. And I cannot look back to our once happy home, even at this day, but the tear of sorrow will dim my eye.

'When I was nineteen, I became acquainted with James Grey, second and youngest son of Lord Grey, upon whose estate my father lived. He had been hunting, when he was caught in a severe shower, and sought shelter in our cottage. He was young—not more than twenty—and, as I thought, of remarkably good appearance. After our first interview, he frequently called at the cottage—and, Henry, *I loved him*, with pure, ardent love; and I have no doubt but that the feeling was reciprocal—for like an honourable man, as he assuredly was, he proposed marriage. I was aware of the great difference, in our respective stations, and told him that his father would never consent to our union. Of this he too was well convinced. 'But,' said he, 'I am a younger brother, and have but little or nothing to expect from my father. I might, perhaps, by managing, marry an heiress, and live a splendid life of misery; which I will not do. I am determined to go to America, that land where all are on equal [illegible] where all can be lords if they will only [illegible] the prize. I shall there be shackled by [illegible] which bind a younger brother down—and I will win for myself a name and a fame [illegible] will be lasting. Will you go with me?—Say you will, and happy in that land of freedom we will live.'

'Thus urged by one I dearly loved, I referred him to my father: and in a short time we were privately married, my father being present at the ceremony

'As was expected, Lord Grey heaped curses upon the head of his unworthy and undutiful son, as he was pleased to call him. He disowned him for ever, and refused to see him But this we expected, and were therefore prepared for it.—But there came a blow which I had not anticipated—and that was, the death of my father. Just as we were ready to embark for this country, he suddenly sickened and died. I had felt a sorrow for my mother's death, such as I did not feel at

[illegible] the manner and customs of the people; and many were ready to say that he was an imposter. For nearly a year he procured no business—we in the mean time living upon what we had brought with us from England. But this was fast dwindling away, and what course to pursue we knew not.

'One day, when you my son, were about two years old, your father informed me that he could close a bargain with an importing merchant formerly from England, on advantageous terms, if I would consent to his leaving me for a year—for he was to go to the West Indies as an agent.—What could I do? In a strange land—with no friends—I could not bear to have him leave me even for a month.

'But something must be done; our means of support were fast growing less—and I was at last obliged to consent to his departure—and with many protestations of unalterable love and promises to write often, he set sail. How long seemed the first month of his absence!—how desolate and cheerless was my home! But I had you for my comfort and solace.

'Mr. Smith, your father's employer, advanced money, which was left for my support while he was gone. He had been away about three months when I received his first letter. He was doing well, he wrote for himself and employer I wrote him back as cheerful a letter as I could, and waited impatiently for the end of three years, when I should again see my husband.

Mr. Smith, in the mean time, was very accommodating, attending to all my affairs and at every opportunity giving me news of my husband.

'Things had gone on in this way for more than half a year, when I received news that he was very sick. Oh, how I longed to see him!—to soothe him in his distress, and administer to his wants! But this privilege was denied me. Anxiously I waited to hear again from him. At length it came. Mr Smith received a letter from some one there, saying that his agent Mr. Grey *was dead!*

'Oh, the agony of that moment! I cannot describe it! It seemed as though my brain was on fire, and I prayed long and fervently that I might die! I lost all recollection, and was, as I have, since been informed, for weeks insane. A raging fever had deprived me of reason, and almost of life. But my constitution bore up under all my afflictions, and I slowly recovered, to feel anew my irreparable loss.

'During my long illness, Mr. Smith was very constant in his attentions towards me, anxious that I should want for nothing; and I thanked him for all his kindness—it was all I could do—all that I had to give in return! At length he brought him to forget me, [illegible] something to do, where I [illegible] for myself a subsistence—for I was entirely dependant upon his bounties.

'He [illegible] for the future. I had never [illegible] for six months, and [illegible] incurred on my account, and *demanded payment*. What could I do? I had no money, and he knew it.—He insisted upon his pay immediately, or he would say no more about the debt, and see that I was well provided with every comfort for the future if I would *be his*.'

'I cannot,' I exclaimed, 'think of marrying again. My husband still lives in my remembrance, and——'

'But,' said the old man, interrupting me, 'I do not ask you to marry me; I have one wife already.'

'I was surprised—amazed—at the villain's boldness, and I drove him from my presence.—But he only smiled in scorn, as he left the house: 'for,' said he, 'you are in my power, and must be ruled by me.'

'This, then was why he had been so kind!—this was why he had paid so much attention to me, and advanced me money, that at last he might ensnare and ruin me!

'That day, within an hour after he left the house, I took you by the hand, and bid a long farewell to my home, and to all earthly happiness. I wandered around, from place to place. At last I came to this city—found some kind friends, who employed me—and now, I cannot work, they are attending to me, and rendering me every assistance in their power. God bless them for their kindness!

'Doctor Mason has call to see me:—he says I cannot live. Alas! I know it!—nor would I ask to were it not for you, my son.

'I have informed the doctor who I am, and how I came reduced to my present situation.—He says he will protect you as his own son.—Thank God, I can now die in peace. And Henry heed my last prayer. Be virtuous, be honorable—and you will be happy.

'Enclosed you will find [illegible] marriage with your father's [illegible] to you. [illegible] you [illegible] my last words will [illegible] rive at years of discretion. That you may be happy in the last prayer of your dying mother.

'MARY ANN GREY'

Chapter V.

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt with by attorneyship.
For what is wedlock forced but [illegible]
An age of discord [illegible]
Whereas the contrary [illegible]
And is a pattern [illegible]
peace
[KING HENRY V.

[illegible] ing this account of the [illegible] her respect and [illegible] were increased; and she dispised [illegible] she could wound the feelings of one who had suffered so much already. When Henry again visited her, he asked her if she had read the history of his patient and unfortunate mother.

'I have,' replied Eva, 'and with surprise.'

'But why with surprise? You do not doubt the authenticity of it?'

'With surprise, that man could be so great a villain, and woman bear so much; for I never dreamed or doubting its truth. In fact, Henry, I *could not* DOUBT anything emanating from you or yours.'

'Thank you, Eva! And I am not dispised by you, because I was left an orphan at an early age, with no kind parents to watch over and guide me aright.'

'I have never despised you, Henry.'

'I know you have not—and I have come to offer you my hand and heart, which my ardent love prompts me to do. Will you accept the adoration of one who, though humble, adores you?'

Eva did not answer; and in a few moments Henry again asked—

'What means this silence? Am I rejected? have I been deceived?—my affections trifled with? Answer, tell me it is not so!'

'It is not so, Henry! You have not been deceived in me, at least.'

'And you will be mine! Thank you!' said he seizing her hand; thank you, my love, for this happiness!'

Nay, Henry, I said not that; I——'

'Not that?'

'No! But for myself I would say it readily; but my parents—I fear they will not consent.'

'Your mother, Eva, I know does not favor my suit; but your father, I have heard, is an honorable man. Surely he will not object?'

'I cannot say.'

'I have your consent to apply to him?'

'You have.'

'And I will do it immediately; for the suspense I cannot bear.'

So saying, he left the lovely girl to seek her father. He found him in his counting room alone.

'I have come,' said he, 'to see you upon business of importance. Have you leisure to here me now?'

'Yes, if it is any thingurgent.'

'It is, sir, of great importance to me, at least.'

'Well, proceed; I am all attention.'

'I have to request your consent to my marriage with your daughter.'

'Ah! yes—your name is——'

'Henry Grey, sir.'

'Yes, I recollect—my daughter, you say.—Does she give her consent?'

'If otherwise, I should not have troubled you,' said Henry, not liking the manner and enquiries of the old man.

'Yes, well, I will see. You are a lawyer?'

'I am.'

'Your parents——'

'*Are dead.*'

'Ar yes—strange I did not remember. Well [illegible] to-morrow, and I will [illegible] answer.'

'And [illegible]'

An [illegible] fire. He did not doubt [illegible] would grant his wishes; and [illegible] happy man.

[illegible] Mr Lincon, after tea, drew his [illegible] of his daughter, and asked—

'[illegible] that young [illegible] to say to me to-day?'

'I don't know, I am sure.'

'Don't know? Yes you do, for he said he had your consent.'

'Her consent to what?' asked Mrs. Lincon.

'Why he wants to marry her that is all.'

But you did not give your consent.'

'How do you know?'

'But did you?'

'You say I did not.'

'Why, husband, do tell me. You are always trying to bother me.'

'Well, then I thought I would see you before I gave him any answer.'

'You did right.'

'Yes, I always do, don't I?'

'Yes, yes; but I shall object to this match entirely; for he is a low-born, poor, indigent fellow.'

'No, mother, he is not!' said Eva, who could not bear to hear her lover thus slandered, even by her mother.

'Well, well, Eva,' said her father, 'your mother and I can settle this little affair. You are a party interested, you know.

Eva left the room, and the result of the conference was as usual in like cases—Mrs Lincon persuading her husband, as she always did; and he, in the end, after some show of resistance, yielding to her wishes.

Accordingly, when Henry called the next day, to learn his fate, he was surprised with a flat refusal. 'Disappointment is my lot!' muttered he, as he left the presence of the old man.—'Just as the prize is within my reach, it must be rudely snatched away because I am poor and friendless. But the constancy of my lovely.—Eva I do not doubt; and we may yet be happy, even without the consent of her father. But no—I will not induce her to such a step; honorably or not at all, no private, clandestine marriage. But I will seek fame and fortune, and the day will yet come when even the proud and haughty Mrs. Lincon will consider my acquaintance an honor.'

With these thoughts, Henry applied himself to business with increased energy. He was already looked upon as a rising young man, and many prophecied that he would be an honor to the profession.

He was not denied the pleasure of occasionally visiting the object of his affections; [illegible] love cheered [illegible] in the path of duty

Chapter VI.

'[illegible]
A [illegible] ward
[illegible]
To suffer all alike' [SHAKSPEARE.

'Twas nearly a year after the date of our last chapter, when Henry received the following note:

'*Dear Henry*—

'Call and see me immediately. I have news to tell you—or something at least which I think will please and be of importance. At least call as soon as you can, and you will much oblige.

'EVA LINCON.'

Henry could not imagine what should make her so urgent for him to call immediately, for he had visited her only a few days before. And what the news could be, he could not think. He however, immediately waited upon her.

'You recollect,' said she, that my cousin Emma and her husband, some months since, started on a tour through England?'

'Yes, I remember it; but why do you ask?'

'They are now in London. I received this paper from them, with that advertisement marked They know who you are, and I presume they think this notice is concerning you. Read it.'

Henry took the paper and Read—

'INFORMATION WANTED

'Of James Grey, youngest son of Lord Grey, of Yorkshire, England—his eldest son, the late Lord George Grey, being deceased—and the title and estate of course, will descend to the youngest son, James, if living; and if not, to his heirs, as the late Lord George, at his decease left no issue. James was married and removed to America, and it is believed he died there, leaving a son. If this should meet his eye, he will learn something further, by applying to Strong & Ring London.

'American papers will please copy the above.'

'Can it be possible!' exclaimed Henry, as he finishsd reading the above notice.

'I have faith to believe that means you,' said Eva.

'Yes, but why is it not copied into our city papers?'

'Why I received this paper as soon as the English mail arrived; and they have not had time yet.'

'Yes, yes; well we will wait. I hope and fear but we will wait.'

The next morning the advertisement was copied into almost all the daily papers, and many of them with comments like the following;

'Our readers will see by an English advertisement, which we have copied, that our enterprising citizen, H Grey, Esq, is by the death of his uncle, raised to the title and estate of Lord Grey, one of the nobility of England. We hope, however, that he will not leave us to settle in England, for we cannot well spare an enterprising a citizen. We understand the income of the proprietor was nearly ten thousand pounds per annum. I will probably not vary much from that now. Again we say, we wish him success.'

Numbers who had despised Henry and helped to slander him, now called to congratulate him upon his good fortune; and among the first of these was Mrs. Lincon. She was very 'happy indeed of the good luck which [illegible] Now him—hoped she should see him [illegible] of which [illegible] replied in a [illegible] it was not [illegible] to revenge, [illegible] me him, even if he knew [illegible] they were [illegible] in such [illegible] spirit time he [illegible] for England—When he arrived, he found none to dispute his title; for the certificate of his mother's marriage was sufficient to establish his right.

He took possession of the property, attended to some necessary business, and again returned to New York—for what purpose the reader can easily guess.

He again asked Mr Lincon's consent to a union with his daughter—and this time he *was not refused*.

We have but little more to tell—save that the wedding of Henry Grey (otherwise Lord Grey, as Mrs Lincon called him) and Eva Lincon was the best attended of any season; and the old man (Eva's father) after scolding his wife for not knowing that Henry was a Lord in disguise, declared that he had always intended they should be married; only he wanted that Henry should work and earn something—for wives were very expensive things. And thus were all parties well satisfied.

Temperance implies a knowledge of, and compliance with, all the laws of physical system. There is scarcely any branch of knowledge more important to mankind than a knowledge of the structucre and nature of our own being. Nor is there scarcely any subject upon which men are so generally ignorant. It seems not at all to be known by mankind in general, or even suspected that everything about their bodies is regulated by laws, as certain as the laws of gravitation and that a perfect knowledge of, and conformity to these laws, would render permanent health as certain as the regular motion of the planets. The world is full of disease and premature death, and men speak of these things as the mysterious providence of God without ever so much as dreaming that they are the natural and certain results of the most outrageous and reckless violation of the human constitution.

[Rev. C. G. Finney.

The Death Lamp. A person writing from France mentions the following curious scene which presented itself on his visit to the vaults of the church of St. Denis, in which the French Kings are entombed:—"But the most singular of all other things is a lamp, which is kept burning on the coffin of Louis 18 and which, it is said is to be continued burning until Louis Philippe dies—he being the next King (if he dies on his throne(to whom the lamp will pass, until his successor dies. Napoleon did not die on the throne neither did Charles 10th; consequently Louis 18th has not been buried neither has the lamp ever been allowed to go out.

It looked dreary and dark as midnight in the vault, and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] In the [illegible] the chamber of [illegible] and viewed the dark pall upon the tomb. The light of the lamp, was more like a star flickering through a dark cloud. It was indeed the chamber of death."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 22, 1845.

AGRICULTURE

The United States owe their great principles of power and duration to that spirit of honest industry and that God-reverencing feeling which filled and elevated their forefathers. They came from the old world to this new one—to plow, harrow, and hoe it—looking to God alone for his blessing upon their endeavors to obey his great command, of earning their living by the sweat of their brows.

Spain sent out Cortez and Pizarro to gather the gold of Peru and Mexico. They did gather it. Spain dropped her spade, her plow, and her hoe. She revelled in the pride which thirty millions of American dollars a year for a time did sustain. She lost the will, and of course, the power, to continue that beautiful culture of the splendid peninsula in which her lot was cast—The hidalgo was too proud to work; Granada ceased to be what it once was—before the voyage of Columbus, a paradise in its gardens; Spain has for forty years past almost ceased to be heard of, except in her misfortunes. In that period of time, by the sweat of her brow, this Union has more than doubled the population of poor Spain, and grown so rich that the gold of the mines of Peru, gathered for twenty years, will not pay for the produce of our industry for one year.

There is no lesson in all history like that of the great Roman power. Cato said, "meet the arduous labors of the farm as you would the enemies of your country in battle. Summon all your forces, and the earth will reward you with all her gifts. Neglect her, and you perish."

Such was the enthusiasm which gave that powerful people the first stand among the nations.—When they became rich, built cities, herded in luxurious masses, crowded their amphitheatres, lounged about their magnificent baths, trying to alleviate the horrors of the demon of idleness! bawling at the corners of the streets to passers-by, "*Quid Novarum! Quid Novarum!*" what's the news? what's the news? they fell a wretched prey before the Goth and the Vandal, who lived a hardy life.

The people of our country seem to us, more than all others, to have drank deeply of the precious instruction afforded by history.

It is a rare thing to find between the Arnoostook and the Rio Grande, a sound man who idles his years away. All are impelled by the spirit of industry, [illegible] Columbus of a new route to India. O [illegible] is the national heart felt cry Labor with unremitable perseverance.—No disappointment can check his progress.—The axe prostrates the forests of ages—on comes the plow—and then the cradle which gathers in the glorious grain to feed all ours and half another nation besides, if necessary.

In the eagerness of cultivation, we have not yet had time to think of the necessary exhaustion of our vexed fields. Now in the older fields we begin to see, that the agriculturist, in excess[illegible] haste, has overdrawn his bank. Science and care must now be consulted to restore that vegetable power which has been too prodigally squeezed from the bosom of the earth! The means are happily in our power. It is [illegible] settled to a certainty that science can be [illegible] with absolute profit to agriculture. Recent experiments have demonstrated the vast value of [illegible] accurate analysis of soils; of plants, and the peculiar element required by the various kinds of vegetables for their complete and perfect growth. But however valuable this discovery is, the grand art remains where it was. It is tilling the soil. By deep and frequent plowings—by harrowing and hoeing, the soil obtains from the inexhaustible resource of the atmosphere, its elements, its dews and rains, the everlasting renewal of its fertility. No art will ever render this constant stirring of the soil unnecessary. Man's labor is bound to be forever mixed up in the products of agriculture. Bain says that agriculture is a manufacture—that the yield of the earth is almost without any preparation fit for consumption—This is true of almost every fruit. It is so true that to the best specimens of nature's own confectionary in the fruit line, man can scarcely do anything to alter it for the better.

The products of the farm are honest. Who can forge a bushel of wheat? an ox? a strawberry? Perfect from the hand of God, they cannot be forged by man. Their profit, Bain says, is direct—for every seed you plant, you have many to return.

What interest have you like that from one pound of turnipseed, giving you twelve hundred bushels of turnips!

We rejoice to see so great a number of the best men in our country earnestly engaged in the cause of agriculture. On such men and their well-tilled farms—on such men of temperate and vigorous bodies—on such men of calm, cool heads—the vast fabric of this republic rests secure. They are the mighty pillars on which the great edifice proudly inclines its vast weight.—God speed the plow!

OXFORD COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SHOW AND FAIR.

MR. EDITOR,—The Oxford County Cattle Show and Fair was held, agreeably to previous notice, on the 15th and 16th inst., at Bethel Hill. The following is a list of the officers of the Society for the ensuing year.

[illegible] James Burbank, Vice p[illegible] [illegible] Hawkins, Stephen [illegible], Charles I. Ewins, Philo Clark, Trustees. Jairus S[illegible] [illegible] Isaac Harlow [illegible] Secretary, Treasurer and Collector.

[illegible] lows, viz:

To [illegible] Corn, [illegible] 3 00

Ebenezer E[illegible], for 2d best, [illegible] bushels per acre, 2 00

Joel B Thayer, 3d best, 52 bushels per acre, 1 00

Abraham B. Lary, best crop of Wheat, being 35 bushels on 138 rods of land, 3 00

John Baker, 2d best, being 27 bushels per acre, 2 00

John Baker, best specimen of Seed Corn, 50

Artemas Mason, specimen of Winter Wheat, 50

Frederick Wescot, best Milch Cow, 2 00

Ezra F. Beal, for best Bull, 3 00

J. Swan, 2d best do 2 00

Israel Adams, 3d best do 1 00

James Smith, 1 y'r old, gratuity, 1 00

J. A. Russell, Bull calf, 25

Nathan Grover, 3 y'r old Steers, 1 00

Aaron Cross, 3 y'r old Steers, 1 00

J. Russell, 2 y'r old Steers, 1 00

J. Needham, for 2 y'r old Steers, gratuity, 50

D. H. Haskell, 2y'r old Steers, 50

Tyler P Towne, 2 y'r old Heifer, 1 00

Nathan Grover, 1 y'r do Steers, gratuity, 50

R. M Lawrence, 1 y'r old Steers, 50

Jedediah Burbank, Beef Oxen. 2 00

A. C. Denison & Co. best Horse kept for Mares, 4 00

Ayers Mason, best breeding Mare, 2 00

Timothy Wright, best fitter of Pigs, six in number, 3 00

Henry Ward, best Sow, 2 00

Francis Barker, best flock of Sheep, 3 00

Jeddiah Burbank, 2nd. best do 2 00

do do do Buck, 2 00

Francis Barker, 2nd best Buck, 1 00

James Grover, best fall Apples, 50

S[illegible] H[illegible], best winter Apples, 50

Francis Cary, best specimens of Cocoons, 2 00

Aaron Stevens, best Silk Hose, 1 00

Levi Brown, best Sewing Silk, 2 00

Luther F. Pike, best Butter, 3 00

Aaron Abbot, 2nd best Butter, 2 00

Ayers Mason, 3d best Butter, 1 00

Benj. Tucker, best Cheese, 3 00

N[illegible] H[illegible] 2d best Cheese, 2 00

P[illegible] S[illegible] 3d best Cheese, 1 00

[illegible] Crop 50

S[illegible] 2 00

B[illegible] axe, 50

D[illegible] 1 00

[illegible] 0

C[illegible]

Hen[illegible] Young, W[illegible] H[illegible] 1 00

Joseph St[illegible], for best Fur H[illegible], 2 00

Alfred Tw[illegible], for best Thick Boots, 50

Mrs. St[illegible], best trimmed Cloth Cap, 1 00

Mrs. Ephr[illegible] Crockett, best Fulled c'oth,

Rev. Charles Frost, good specimen of Fulled cloth, gratuity 1 00

Miss Caroline E Smith, best undressed Flannel, 1 00

Mrs Henry Rust, best dressed Flannel, gratuity, 1 00

G A Hastings, specimen of Horse shoeing, 2 00

Town of Gilead, best Team of Oxen, ten pairs, 10 00

Amos Wheeler, best Spinning Wheel, 50

Ira Berry, best specimen of Printing, 50

William Andrews, ploughing 1-8 acre best and at least expense. 4 00

do do 2d best, 3 00

Jacob Holt, do 3d best, 2 00

America Farrer, do 4 best with Horses, 1 00

Charles Frost, best sick aid Bedstead, gratuity 1 00

Mrs I. Harlow, best Rag Rug, 1 00

Mrs B C Trask, do do 75

Miss D Stone, do do 50

Miss P. F. Stevens, best Chenille, 1 00

Miss S Stevens, best Yarn Carpet, 1 00

Mrs T Walker, do do 75

Mrs I Harlow, do Rag do

Mrs B Tucker, do stair Carpet

Filled with Rags,
Miss H Chelsey, do do do Yarn,
Mrs B A Chapman, best Pressed cloth quilt, 1 00
Miss M Rowe, do do 1 00
Mrs Joseph Wheeler Jr. best Coverlet, 1 00
Mrs Ebenezer Eames, do do 1 00
Mrs Ezra Smith, best Table Linen, 5
Mrs E Eames, do do 1 00
Mrs M Haskell, do do 75
Miss M Clark, best Plaid wollen-s- 50
Miss M Stearns, do Net do 75
[illegible] 50
Mrs [illegible] Fry[illegible] 12
Miss M E Ford 25
[illegible]
Mrs B Stearns, [illegible]
Miss A [illegible] 16
Miss I. W [illegible] 16
Miss P S Stevens, [illegible] 25
Miss L Frost, for Knit E[illegible] 25
Miss S Chapman, do Cap. 50
Mrs M B Bartlett, for Silk wrought collar, 25
do do Muslin do 12
Mrs T Chapman for Straw Bonnet, 12
Miss M Frost, for wrought Muslin Handkerchief, 16
Miss E C Chapman, for Card Basket, 75
Miss R A Chapman, for Cloth hemp mat, 50
Mrs A Gould, for Linen Thread, 50
Miss E Benjamin, for Lace veil, 1 60
Miss P Stevens, do do 75
Niss S Stevens for White Counterpane, 50
Mrs I Needham, do do 50
Mrs J Staples, for Genet Muff, 12
Miss A Frost, do Down do
Miss O Farwell, for Hose,

There were but few entries for premiums, on the various crops of the past year, consequently, but little competition. No entry was made for Potatoes, or Roots of any kind. It may not be amiss to state, that, since the organization of the Society, not a single entry has been made for premium on Oats. It is an indispensable article, grown by almost every Farmer, and from which he is more certain of a crop than from other grains. The exhibition of stock was small, considering the amount kept in Bethel and the adjoining towns.

The three town teams included much the largest portion of the Stock. It is a matter of surprise that the large, valuable, productive farms upon the Androscoggin, could furnish for exhibition or premium but one milch Cow and but few young cattle. There was however a much larger competition on Butter and Cheese than at Turner last year. It is regretted that the Cabinet and Carriage-makers, Shoe-makers and Tanners, will not interest themselves, in this annual exhibition, so much at least, as to have one article, for each of the premiums offered by the Society. And the half a dozen Woolen Manufactory in this County must be doing a magnificent business, if not a single piece of their goods was 'fit to be seen.'

Some are disposed to [illegible] dollars are awarded to the [illegible] but were it not for the [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]
dissatisfied [illegible]
factory. X. Y

LATER FROM MEXICO—THE WAR FEVER STILL COOLING DOWN.

By the brig Petersburg, [illegible] which left Vera Cruz Sept. 14 [illegible] business was very dull [illegible]

The weather was extremely hot, sultry and rainy The sickness [illegible]

The war fever had rather cooled down though the Mexicans had a large force ready to march on Texas, as soon as means could be raised. The troops appear to be willing to march if their rations and clothing are furnished.

There had been but four foreign arrivals at Vera Cruz from 7th August to 16th September.

A horrible murder was committed at Vera Cruz a few days before the Petersburg sailed, on the person of an old Italian and his wife, at their own house, on one of the most public throughfares in Vera Cruz. The deed was committed in broad-day-light.

The U. S. steamship Princeton, sloop of war John Adams, and H. B. M.'s ship Eurydice, were at VeraCruz on the 14th The Petersburg brings $23,000 in specie.

THUNDER IN COPPER REGIONS.—It is a singular fact that in the neighborhood of the Lake Superior Copper Mines, in the Porcupine mountains from a hill six miles from La Point comes a sound like repeated discharges of artillery, which, on clear days is heard distinctly. The Agent of the American Fur Company once imagined the noise to proceed from a schooner belonging to the company, in distress and sent a boat to the rescue. The Porcupine mountains are 50 miles from La point. It is supposed there must be zinc and other metals, incorporated in the copper, and closed up in the mountains, which gave out the sounds. The Indians have a tradition that this sound with which they are familar, is the angry voice of the Great Spirit, enraged that the copper should be disturbed, and for this reason, although familiar with the location of rich beds, they refuse to reveal this knowledge.

WHIG HISTORY. The Massachusetts Feds lately issued a State address, which is, as usual, arrogant in its assumptions, and barefaced in its falsehoods. It is an old trick of the Federal party, which has borne the name of *Whig* but a few years, to endeavor to identify itself as the legitimate *whig party of the Revolution*. In entering the old part of a wolf in sheep's clothing, however, no one acquainted with the history of the country, its men and measures, can be deceived by such a flimsy absurdity. The measures of the federal party are not those of the patriots, or *whigs* of the revolution. They have not for their object the equality of mankind, social and political, but, like the tories whom our fathers opposed, they seek the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the many. No state is so wealthy, and unequal in the distribution of its wealth, as Massachusetts, and no state is so British in its opinions and policy, as this same federal state, whose dominant party assume the identity of the whig principles of 1776, and the whiggery of '12 and '40.

Another assumption is thus expressed:

"Massachusetts was the pioneer State in the progress of free governments. She early established her model Constitution, and committed it to the Whigs of 1780 for preservation and transmission."

The Eastport Sentinal (a federal paper) advises its Massachusetts friends to "correct their history." The Sentinel remarks that Massachusetts was not the *pioneer*, nor was her Constitution a *model* one; but in fact was among the *last* of the States that formed a written charter. The Sentinel further remarks:

"Had Rhode Island relinquished her charter with her allegiance, some dark passages in her history at the era of organizing the present national government and in her own time, would have been wanting."

This is true enough. But who is it that have clung with so much pertinacity to the Royal charter, and all its abuses, down even to the present hour? It is the same modern self-stiled whigs, who proclaim the identity of their principles with those of the revolution, that revolution which disenthralled us from such oppressions and abuses as those authorized by this royal charter. And so anxious were these same Massachusetts whigs to suppress the people's movement in Rhode Island, that they even violated the laws of their State by loaning the arms of the State to the Algerines to shoot down the people for supporting a constitution which had received the votes of about seven-eights of the whole white male population of the State. This is the whiggery of these latter days, the federalism of the last war, not the whigism of the revolution. Repub. Jour.

GOOD OLD TIMES. We often hear people lament for "good old times," as though the world had degenerated ever since "old times" commenced. If it were so, we have been progressing, as Pat would say, *backwards*. But we never found the evidence of so much better times, because old, than our own. Our fathers worked harder, fared harder, knew less, and were no happier than we their children. We have every element of enjoyment which they [illegible] It may be said, perhaps, as Holinshed complained in the time of Elizabeth, "our houses were builded of willow, then was oaken men, but now that our houses come to be made of oak our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether straw, which is a sore alteration." But that is not "old times," and we certainly have not degenerated much in that respect, for we have for we have yet some oaks and now and then a hickory.

If history tells the truth, we fancy that to have lived in times past was no superior privilege of enjoyment. It is but four centuries since the discovery of printing, when ignorance was almost universal, and those who possessed knowledge used it for the oppression of others. It is but three centuries since the time of Luther.—About a century since Quakers and witches were hung. And not a century since the American Revolution. Before the last period were scarce but two classes, lord and vassal. No man had the right of private judgement in any thing pertaining to religion or politics.—Those who in those "good old times" could not agree with the powers that be, saved themselves from banishment or their necks from from the halter only by shackling their tongues and playing the hypocrite.

Now, a man possessed of the least independence can think and act as he pleases. And every one in health may find employment, and by industry and proper attention, may arrive at pecuniary independence. So might our fathers; but there was more work to be done, less pay, and less means of enjoyment. If they traveled a journey which now occupies but twenty-four hours, it required eight or ten days, and even then attended with difficulties unthought now. Machinery and new discoveries have increased our means of enjoyment and our facilities for acquiring knowledge, beyond what our "old times" people ever dreamed of. In fact, this always looking back for the golden age is undemocratic. Every age has been an iron age to those who lived in it. And if there is to be any golden age perhaps this is the very time; and we had better improve it accordingly.

Repub. Jour.

The idea seems of late to be gaining ground that the potato rot is owing to a peculiar state of the atmosphere, and not to the deterioration of the plant, through the defect of the seed, or method of culture, and if this be true, it is expected that in a year or more potatoes will be as good as ever. This supposition is by no means improbable; it is somewhat supported by the fact that this rot is of very recent occurrence, and now prevails over Europe. Instances of trees and other plants being attacked in a similar manner, and then recovering, are not unusual; the decay of the buttonwood a few years ago, will be remembered. Farmers would do well, perhaps, not to [illegible] planting potatoes.

A little girl, the only and well [illegible] of her parents, who are residents of Brooklyn, Long Island, died a few weeks since, and was interred in the private family burying ground. A large Newfoundland dog, the private companion and play-mate of the child, was frequently missing from the house after the funeral.—When seen, he was observed to be crestfallen and drooping; he refused his food, moped and lost flesh day by day. These circumstances exciting curiosity, the animal was watched and followed in his stealth excursions, and it at length appeared that he went daily to the grave of his former friend and playmate; deposited, at each visit, some of the child's play-things obtained secretly from the house, on the grassy mound that covered her remains, in the vain hope of alluring her to his side again, and then lay down, and passed hour after hour, moaning and whining pitiously. His master was obliged to chain the animal, to put an end to his melancholly vigils, the continuance of which would have cost the faithful mourner his existence.—A more touching instance of devotion and attachment has rarely occurred.

QUANTITY OF BREATH IN MAN AND WOMAN. The French are a most experimenting race, and their discoveries in arts and sciences are proverbially in advance of other nations. By experiments made at the Paris Academy of Sciences, and arrived at by an ingenius species of mask being placed over the face of the person whose breath was to be examined, it was ascertained that man gives out a larger quantity than woman, and this difference is most striking between the ages of sixteen and forty, at which latter period the quantity of carbonic acid given out by the male is double that of the female. In the male the quantity goes on increasing from the age of eight years to thirty, after which it begins to diminish; and as a man becomes older, the dimunition goes on in an increased degree. In old age, the quantity is not greater than it was at the age of ten.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT. By an accidental omission of a letter in an exchange paper, the line—

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,"

was made to read—

"Hell has no fury like a woman *corned*."

The custom of judging whether a man has a soul or no soul, by his disposition in regard to money matters, is not badly illustrated by the following. A stuttering man in great wrath, was railing a neighbor, who had over-reached his wife in the sale of a bonnet bag:

"I kn-ow you, you sti-i-ngy dog, you sa-a-ay your fa-fa-ather before you w-ent to bo-o-orn your fa-a-ther forced a man to cost a shi-i-lling, and he could get a man for ninepence, and as he [illegible] a wizard."

Happiness that glorious [illegible] which jewels of the world [illegible] ded with diamonds [illegible] additional luster from [illegible] or wealth or station.

The world is a strange [illegible] but spaniel like wolf Lash it often and, when you require it, whistle will bring it to your heel; Show but the slightest symptom of fear, and it will turn round upon, and worry you, even unto the death.

[illegible] Consumption has the [illegible] in Great Britain.

From the Liverpool Mercury.

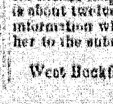
Dr. Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, is truly, as its style is, "an universal specific." We ourselves experienced a degree of benefit from its use, in a case of weakness and soreness of the lungs, which we suppose no compound on earth capable of affording.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, the only agent in Paris.

MARRIED.

In the town, Mr Amos W Doe, to Miss Deborah Curtis both of this town.

In Eaton, N. H. Sept. 21 by Elder Silas Gaush, Dr David W Davis, of Greenwood, to Miss Mary Jane Gilman, of Eaton.



Strayed, or Stolen,

FROM the enclosure of the subscriber on the 15th day of September last, a dark red MARE; she had a black mane and tail, and a white stripe on one side of her nose about six inches long—partly upon one side of the nose, and is about twelve years of age. Any person who will give information where said Mare may be found or return her to the subscriber, shall be suitably rewarded

EPHRAIM HARLOW.

West Buckfield, Oct. 16, 1845. *3w

IN BANKRUPTCY.

Assignee's Sale.

BY order of the U S District Court for the Maine District, I will sell at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

[illegible] William Martin in Denmark, on Wednesday the first day of October at 11 o'clock A. M., said Martin's right in equity of redemption, (he having only a mortgage title) in about 25 acres of land, more or less, with the dwelling house and other buildings thereon, which he now occupies.

Also, said Martin's interest in a Horse [illegible] to be sold with said Martin's interest in a yoke of Oxen.

A [illegible] Martin's interest in a Horse [illegible] to be sold with said Martin's interest in a yoke of Oxen.

Terms—Cash.

JOHN W. DANA, Assignee.

Oct 15th 1845. 3w

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE [illegible] heretofore existing under the firm of [illegible], GILLET & CUMMINGS, is this day dissolved.

THOMAS CROCKER.
DENNIS GILLET
B. CUMMINGS

Oct. 1st, 1845. 6w 23

The business will be continued at the old stand by the subscribers under the same firm.

Crocker, Cummings & Co.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, DAVID BLANCHARD, of Rumford in the County of Oxford, by his Deed of Mortgage dated August 6th, A D 1844 which Deed is recorded in the Oxford Registry, Book 70, Page 251, mortgaged to me a certain tract of land, situated in said Rumford, being Lot No 45, second Division in said town of Rumford, for a more particular description of which reference may be had to said mortgage; and whereas the condition of the said mortgage has been broken, I therefore claim to foreclose the same.

GEORGE STAPLES,
By DANFORTH & WOODS, his Att'ys.

Gardiner, Oct 4th, 1845 sr 3w 23

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the POST OFFICE at PARIS, ME., September 30, 1845.

Besse, Miss Olive	Irish, Eben'r
Bandit, Paul	Jackson, Jacob
Chandler, Miss Harriet N.	Masim, Zenas
Cummings, Jairus L. 2	Parlin, Robinson
Crocker, Jonathan	Ryerson, Miss Charlotte J.
Cushman Albert	Robinson, Preston 2
Caldwell, J. P.	Robinson, Mrs Mary
Clerk of Courts, 38	Ramsdell Job
Dean, Edmund	Swift, Mrs Lucy
Dunham, Sebra	Simonton, Mrs Charlotte
Daniels, Jacob	Stevens, Miss Luthera
Daniels, Miss Harriet	Stillings, Robert
Durell, Samuel P.	Sturtevant, Mrs Polly
Dickson, Mrs E W.	Swift, Alvin
Evans, Miss Clarinda J.	Tarbox, Miss R. C.
Felton, Jona. W.	Verell, Daniel H.
Hubbard, Hiram	Verell, Daniel
Hathaway, Milo	

G. W. MILLETT, P. M.

TREASURER'S NOTICE,—SWEDEN.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Land and other Real Estate in the town of Sweden, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that Edwin Sanderson, Collector for the year 1844, has certified to me that the same are taxed in the Bills committed to him to collect by the Assessors of said town of Sweden, and the following sums remain unpaid, viz:—

	No. Lot,	Division	No. Acres	Value, $	Tax, $	
Owner unknown,	19	2	37	71	42	
	20	5	100	100	61	
	20	2	8	50	31	
	78	2	61	210	133	
			1¼	155	due	41
3,5 Parsonage Farm, Deficiency of highway tax for the year 1843.					due	
3½ Parsonage Farm, Unknown			5¼	155		1 98
	9	2	8	50		71
	78	2	61	210		2 96

BENJ NEVERS, Treasurer of the Town of Sweden.

Sweden, Oct 7th, 1845. 3w 23

TREASURER'S NOTICE,—SWEDEN.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Land and other Real Estate in the town of Sweden, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that Josiah Trail, Collector for the year 1844, has certified to me that the same are taxed in the Bills committed to him to collect by the Assessors of said town of Sweden, and the following sums remain unpaid, viz:—

	No. Lot,	Division	No. Acres	Value, $	Tax, $	
[illegible]	[illegible]					1 44
[illegible]	[illegible]					5

POETRY.

THE BIGOT AND THE SHAKER.

"Salvation is of us," the bigot cried,
"Accept, and live! or perish in your pride!
Salvation is of Us—We are the church;
Seek Heaven here, or else give up the search."

"How many, Reverend Sir, are on your roll,
Of all earth's millions, spread from pole to pole?"

"Why, one in twenty thousand, less or more,
Is seeking Heaven through ours, the *only* door."

"If none are saved but you, and all else damned,
Then Heaven runs no risk of being crammed;
But of those few who from *your* congregation,
How many sou's are certain of salvation?"
"Not one in five, succeeding in his search,
Finds a new heart, repents, and—joins the church:
Which proves th' innate depravity of man
Beyond a doubt—gainsay the fact who can?"

"Art married?"

"Yes, thank God! I have a wife,
And ten dear children, blessings of my life!"

"Oh worse than brute! slave of unhallowed lust!
Against such odds to raise up souls from dust.
Does not thy conscience smite thee, thou! have given
Eight souls to Hell, and only two to Heaven!
If human nature be indeed so base,
Why do you thus perpetuate the race?
Either the doctrines taught by the are evil,
Or thou art but a pander to the devil.
Recruiting sergeant to the ranks of Hell!
Go, then, enlarge your scheme for man's salvation,
Or else, in God's name, cease your propagation."

PAYING LIKE A SINNER.

Several years ago in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern keepers to charge the ministers any thing for lodging and refreshmets, a preacher pesumingly stopped at tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage without offering pay for his accommodations. The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said, 'There is some one in there who had not settled his bill.' The passengers all said they had, but the preacher who said he had understood he never charged ministers any thing 'What! you a minister of the Gospel! a man of God!' cries the inn keeper; you came to my house last night; you sat down to the table without asking a blessing; I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without praying to your Maker, (for I staid there till you had undressed) you rose and washed without prayer, ate your breakfast without saying grace, and as you came to my house like a sinner, and eat and drank like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner.

We know that the world is so full of arrant knaves, and that among the knaves there are such hypocrites, that honesty has no touchstone whereby true metal can be really known from false; and men rightly doubt the value of each coin they take, so cunning are the counterfeits. Hypocricy is a greater curse to mankind than wickedness; for it makes all virtue doubted, and fills the bosoms of the good with suspicion, from a knowledge of the feigning of the bad.—Besides, among those who hold a middle course, neither plunging deep in the stream of vice and wrong, nor staying firmly on the shore of honor, how gladly every one attributes act to others that may outdo the darkness of his own: No, no, suspicion never yet lighted on a name that ever was wholly pure again.—G. R. P. James.

Consistency presents Christianity in her fairest attitude—to all her lovely proportion of figure and correct symmetry of feature.—Consistency is the beautiful result of all the qualities and graces of a truly religious mind united and brought into action, each individual right, all relatively associated. Where the character is consistent prejudice cannot ridicule, nor infidelity sneer. It may, indeed, be censured, as holding up a standard above the attainment of the careless. The world may dislike, but it cannot despise it.—Hannah Moore.

TERRIFIC WHIRLWIND.—A most terrific whirlwind passed through the northern part of the country of Orleans, in this State, on Saturday last, which, for its magnitude and extent of devastation was perfectly frightful. It commenced at Johnson's Creek in Niagara county, took a northeast course through the town of Yates and Carlton, in the county of Orleans, and spent its fury in the lake. It is reported that its track is some 160 rods wide, and seventeen or twenty miles in length. Huge forest trees were twisted from their trunks and hurled in mid-air like feathers. Orchards are uprooted, barns and houses unroofed, and many so completely destroyed as to leave scarce a wreck behind. Some of the best and ablest farmers are completely ruined, and many have sustained heavy losses in the destruction of the corn and grains wherever they were stacked.

A woman and child have disappeared and have not been heard of since. Her house was situated at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek. It is probable that she was carried by the strength of the storm into the angry waters of Ontario and lost.—[N. Y. Jour. of Com.

SUICIDE OF SPEAKER WHITE. The Lexington, Ky., Observer contains the melancholy intelligence that Hon John White, of Richmond Ky., committed suicide on Monday evening Sept. 22, by blowing his brains out with a pistol. The Observer gives the following particular.

"Sometime in the forenoon of Monday he told his family that he would retire to his room, and wished to be private—not to be interrupted. He did so, and at about three o'clock the report of a pistol was heard, and upon going into the room it was found that he had put an end to his ... signed as the cause,

though nothing had been discovered, when our informant left which indicated the reason.

Mr White was, at the time of his death, Judge of the 16th Judicial District, to which station he was appointed by Gov. Owsley just before termination of the last session of Congress. He represented the district in which he resided for the last ten years in the Congress of the United States and presided as Speaker over the 27th Congress."

GRAVE ROBBERY. The New York evening papers of Saturday state that Mr. Reuben Rowley, of Wrentham Mass. was robbed of his valise containing $27,800, on board steamer Massachusetts, in which he had taken passage on Friday evening from Stonington. A person on board, calling himself Southgate, made some pretensions to a former acquaintance with Mr. Rowley, and gave him a peach, which he ate, and was soon after seized with volent pains, vomiting, &c. He was assisted to the cabin and it was supposed that the robber first stole the check of his valise, as he helped him below. The money was in five packages of $5,000, and one of $2,800, Mr. Rowley made a complaint at the police office on Saturday morning, with but little hope of recovering the money, which, it is said, was all his own.

Somebody has very truly said that there is in the heart of man a native sense of beauty a latent sympathy, a harmony with all that is lovely on the earth, which makes him unconsciously seek out spots of peculiar sweetness, not only for his daily dwelling, but for his temporary resting place, and the mansion of his long repose.

Notice.

THE subscriber, surviving Partner of Amos Gardner late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, hereby gives notice that he has taken upon himself the trust of administrating the estate of the Copartnership hitherto existing under the name and stile of

Gardner & Edmunds,

by giving bond according to Law—He therefore requests all persons indebted to said Copartnership to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

ELI EDMUNDS.

Sept. 16, 1845. 3w21

Guardian's Sale.

PURSUANT to license from the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at private sale, at my dwelling house, on Monday, the 27th day of October next, at one o'clock P. M. the following parcels of land, viz:

Eighteen acres of the Barker Island, (so called.)
Five acres with buildings thereon.
Twelve acres of pasture, adjoining land of Francis Barker.
Thirty acres of pasture, adjoining land of James Grover.
Also—Twenty-six acres of the south end of Lot No. 25, Range third. Being in all ninety one acres the same more or less.

The above is the farm of the late Moses Barker, deceased of Bethel.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

JEDEDIAH BURBANK, Guardian
of Abigail Ann, Elizabeth R., and
Martha A. Barker.

21

Notice of Foreclosure.

ON the fourteenth day of March, 1838, Joshua Pool of Greenwood, in the County of Oxford, mortgaged to the subscriber a certain Farm situated in said Greenwood, consisting of Lot No. twelve in the 4th Range—part of No. twelve in the 3d Range on that part of same township called the Philips Academy Half Township—Also forty acres in that part called Moses and Hancock's Gore, as will appear by the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 56, Page 344. The condition of said mortgage deed has been broken, the undersigned claims to foreclose the same.

JABEZ BUCK.

Paris, September 22, 1845. 3w39 21

TREASURER'S NOTICE,—Stands...

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident owners of land in the town of Sumner, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes, assessed on real estate in said town for A. D. 1845, remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January next, will be committed to Seth Greene, Jr., Hiram, Oxford and Lot J. at the January Session, ... ABEL FLETCHER, Treasurer of Sumner. Sept. 15th, 1845. 3w3

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

THE Subscriber keeps constantly a general assortment of Books and Stationery articles. Goods are offered for sale on reasonable terms—Among which are Bibles, Testaments, Hymn-Books, a variety of Sunday School books, different works on History, Biography, Chemistry, Philosophy, Geology, and other valuable books for instruction and entertainment—Also—Sets of Boxes of assorted sizes of every description now in use, Writing-books, Inks, Pencils, Sand & Ace, Blottingpaper, Paper Folders, Wafers &c &c &c.

WANTED an exchange for the above—Rags, Clean paper-stock, and country produce. For further particulars enquire of BENJ. WALTON.

Paris Hill, April 29, 1845.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

SAMUEL LUFKIN,

late of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ALFRED LUFKIN.

Sept. 15, 1845. 21

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

ISAIAH LEAVITT,

late of Turner, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ARCH. LEAVITT.

Sept. 18, 1845. 21

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of administration with the Will annexed of

EPHRAIM POWERS,

late of Bethel, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ... ELIPHAZ CLAP.

Sept. 15, 1845. 21

State of Maine.

OXFORD ss:

To the Sheriffs of our Counties of Oxford, York, Lincoln, Cumberland, Kennebec, Somerset, Penobscot, Hancock, Washington, Waldo, Franklin, Piscataquis, and Aroostook, or either of their Deputies: and to the Constable of any of the Towns in said Counties: GREETING.

WE COMMAND you to attach the goods or estate of Samuel Barker, of Rumford in our county of Oxford, yeoman, to the value of five hundred dollars; and summon the said defendant, (if he may be found in your precinct,) to appear before our Justice of our Western District Court, next to be holden at Paris, within and for our said County of Oxford the Monday preceding the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1845, then and there, in our Court, to answer unto Joseph Moody, of Rumford, in said county, yeoman, in a plea of the case. For that whereas before and at the time of the committing of the several grievances by the said Samuel as hereinafter mentioned, Nancy W. Moody was and from thence hitherto hath been and still is the daughter and servant of the said Joseph, from her services and labor in his affairs ought to and might have received great profit and advantage arising therefrom.—Nevertheless the said Samuel in no wise ignorant of the premises but intending wickedly to deprive the plaintiff of all service and labor of said Nancy, and all profit and advantage arising therefrom on or about the tenth day of April, A. D. 1844, at the house of said Joseph in the Plantation of Milton in our said county of Oxford, made an assault upon the body of said Nancy and her carnally knew and begat on her body a female bastard child, of which the said Nancy was delivered at said Plantation on

from and by all which the said plaintiff hath suffered much loss and damage and hath wholly been deprived of all service and labor of the said Nancy, and all benefit and advantage arising therefrom for eleven months last past, and hath been put to great charge and extraordinary expense by reason of the premises. To the damage of the said plaintiff (as say) the sum of five hundred dollars, which shall then and there be made to appear with due damages. And have you there this writ with your doings therein.

Witness, DANIEL GOODENOW, Esq., *at Paris, the twenty second day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five*

J. G. COLE, Clerk

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

Western District Court, June Term, 1845.

ON the foregoing action, Ordered, That the plaintiff cause an attested copy of his Writ and this Order of Court thereon to be published three weeks in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court to be held at said Paris on and for said County on the second Tuesday of November next, that the defendant may then and there appear, if he see cause, and answer to the same.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of the Writ and Order of Court thereon.
3w19 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

To the Honorable Court of County Commissioners, within and for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned request your Honors to make such alterations and additions in the road leading from Oliver Newman's in Carthage to Andrews Ferry in Dixfield, commencing near the line of Dixfield and Carthage and from the line to said Ferry, as to your judgment may think proper, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

JOHN M. EUSTIS & 11 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford on the first Tuesday of September, A. D. 1845.

ON the foregoing petition Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at Samuel Morrill's Tavern, in said District on the eighteenth day of November next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in petition; and some suitable time after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Dixfield and Carthage, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Dixfield and Carthage and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the State of Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications to be at least forty days before the time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show reasons if any they have why the prayer of said petitioners should not be granted.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

For Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, and all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest.

THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM is an *old, well tried,* and *approved remedy.* It has been extensively used for the last 15 years throughout every city and town in New England, and also very extensively at the South and West. It has received the unqualified approbation of many of the most respectable physicians and *ablest,* connected with *very extensive medicine,* and in short, of the community, who have had a long experience, to be the most valuable remedy for the above complaints ever offered to the American public.

The perfect purity of this article cannot meet a better style of advertising than is generally used at the present day. They do not wish to deceive the credulous and unsuspecting, but appeal, with confidence, to the facts, and experience of a discerning public. There are few individuals in New England who have not used this preparation themselves, or who have not friends who have used it. Numerous certificates might be published, having for many years been published, as it is deemed unnecessary to at present do this. Be sure to get the *genuine.* Caution is by us *twice* done, "*Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam,*" and above "*Carter's Pulmonary Balsam,*" and the intervening matter, which have spurious imitations of the great celebrity of the true article, over the signature of "Dr. John Carter. Prepared by Rich. Wing & Carter, at their Laboratory, 84 Hanover street, Boston, and sold by druggists, apothecaries, and country merchants generally. Price 50 cents. 1y37

THOMAS CROOKER, Agent for this Place.

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of a license from the Court of Probate for the County of OXFORD, I shall sell at public sale on the premises hereafter named, at the Store of Robert A. Chapman & Co., in Paris, all the real estate belonging to Lucy L. Chapman, as her at law of the estate of Ebenezer Chapman, late of Paris, situated in the towns of Paris, Buckfield, Mason and Newry and the Plantation of Riley.

CHARLES PROST, Guardian
of Lucy L. Chapman.

Hebron, Sept. 15, 1845. 3w21

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY, Maine.

DR. JOHN D. BUZZELL'S
Family Medicines.

VEGETABLE BILIOUS BITTERS.

THESE Bitters are particularly serviceable when used alone in all cases of obstructions in the stomach and bowels, in chronic affections of the liver, and all other derangements and diseases proceeding from a diseased state of that organ; such as loss of appetite, loss of the stomach, costiveness, dizziness and headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dyspepsy, Faintness and sinking in the stomach, eruptions on the face and neck, and are an excellent purifier of the Blood. When these Bitters are taken in connection with the Vegetable Pills and Anti-acid preparation they will remove most inveterate chronic diseases, even in cases where mercury has been unsuccessfully administered.

VEGETABLE BILLIOUS PILLS.

The reputation of these Pills stands unrivalled for the cure of nervous or Bilious headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia and all disorders of the stomach; they are so compounded as to be slow in their operation, but after they have thoroughly operated upon the stomach and bowels, one or two pills is sufficient to purge the system, and in their operation they not only purge and cleanse the stomach and bowels from every impurity; but strengthen and give new life and vigor to the digestive organs, &c.

ANTI-ACID AND CARMITATIVE PREPARATION.

This medicine has been successfully used for sickness and wind in the stomach, and is a valuable ingredient in the cure of persons irritability and hysterics, hypochondriacism, nervousness and apoplexy, &c.

COUGH MIXTURE.

The reputation of this mixture stands unrivalled for the cure of all coughs proceeding from colds, asthma, chronic catarrh, influenza and inflammation of the lungs or pleura, and chronic affections of the liver, which frequently produce consumption. It is decidedly the best medicine ever discovered for the cure of the whooping cough.

COMPOUND STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

All who have used this plaster have found it to be a sure remedy for pain or weakness in the stomach, back, side, chest, loins, muscles, joints, &c., and for lung and liver complaints, coughs, colds, asthma, rheumatism, &c.

HEMORRHOIDAL, OR PILE POWDER.

This medicine may be relied upon to give immediate relief, and its use persevered in, will effect a certain cure of this terribly painful and too oftentime fatal disease. This specific has been used by the proprietor in his practice for more than fourteen years, and has never known an instance where it has failed to effect a cure. Try it.

Ointment for the cure of the Itch and all other cutaneous *ERUPTIONS.*

This ointment is a safe and efficacious remedy for the cure of the Itch and all cutaneous eruptions, and for a scald head, one of the worst of humors.

It is a sure remedy for sores and humors upon the face with which children are afflicted, curing without leaving a scar, observing to all cases to take according to accompanying directions, the ointment or else powder.

ANTI-ERUPTIVE OR COOLING POWDER.

A sure remedy for inflammation of the blood or other fluids from which proceeds the St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, and other eruptions of the skin.

Agents—Oxford County.

Paris, J. C. MARBLE; Norway, J. Cushman; Oxford, J. Wilson; New Mass, S. Lane; Peru, Wm. Walker, Buck & Co.; Buckfield, S. Bartlett, N. Hathaway; Canton, J. M. Dealon; Turner, Wm. Perry, S. B. Holt; Woodstock, D. H. Hammond, Rice & Adams; Livermore, Preble & Washburn; Rumford, J. B. Wardwell, J. Graham; Dixfield, C. L. Chase; Mexico, J. M. Bolster; Hebron, L. S. Bourne; Minot, J. Parsons; Bethel, Kimball & Crocker, H. Holt, 2d; West Bethel, H. Ward; Newry, N. P. Rawson; Hanover, M. W. Kimball; Brimfield Point, O. C. Bolster; Peru, L. Bolster; Auburn, C. S. Packard.—Oct. 28, 1844.—1y43

F. BROWN'S
Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters.

THIS is no quack nostrum; it is prepared from the best materials, and the receipt has been examined and approved by many of the first Physicians in the United States.

The true means of preserving the Health and Strength is to purify the blood and correct the unhealthy state of the Bowels. For this purpose we recommend the Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters.

The component ingredient of these Bitters is no secret. They are composed of a very strong preparation of the celebrated extract of Spanish Sarsaparilla and the extract of Tomatoes, with the addition of some of the most popular vegetable medicines the country affords.

This is the first time the medical virtues of SARSAPARILLA and TOMATOES have been combined; and the result has met the most sanguine expectations of the medical profession. The whole vegetable kingdom does not furnish two substances so admirably adapted to PURIFY, NOURISH and INVIGORATE the human system. These Bitters have all the effect of the most powerful purgatives when used in sufficient quantity, and yet are so mild in their operation that they may be given to persons in the most delicate health with perfect safety. They are also very agreeable to the taste.

These excellent Bitters will be found a certain cure in cases of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Faintness and Sinking of the Stomach, Lowness of spirits, Costiveness, Determination of Blood to the Head, Pain in the Limbs and Side, Diarrhea, Weakness, Dizziness, Cautaneous Eruptions on the Face and Neck, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Nervous and Sick Headache, Acidity of Stomach, Bilious Affections, Piles, Costiveness, and in all diseases caused by impurity of the Blood, the debility of the system, or the unhealthy state of the stomach and bowels.

They are also exceedingly efficacious in restoring constitutions broken down by sedentary employments, and have been extensively used by Clergymen, Lawyers, Printers, Clerks, Seamstresses, and numerous others whose health had been injured by confinement and close application, with the happiest results—They restore the action of the stomach, increase the quantity of the blood, and impart to the wan and emaciated system of the invalid the vigor and glow of true health.

These Bitters are warranted to be a purely Vegetable compound—and mark this, that they can never do the least injury in any case whatever.

They are kept by many persons as a FAMILY MEDICINE—and have been given to the YOUNGEST CHILDREN, on account of the mildness of their operation, with excellent effect.

The following are a few of the many new recommendations which have been received in favor of BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA and TOMATO BITTERS within a short time. REMEMBER—Always ask for Brown's, as there are counterfeits.

Mr. Foster agent at Portland, Me., still continues to recommend Brown's Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters in the following manner:—

Mr. T. R. Hayes, lately one of the firm of T. B. Hayes & Co. Druggists in Portland, Me., and formerly agent for Brown's Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, says he knows from experience they are one of the most valuable medicines ever sold, and now recommends them to all; he says no medicine ever sold so rapidly, or was ever liked so well; he knows of many that have been cured or greatly relieved by its use.

Mr. E. Mason, after leaving the Agency for Portland a few days writes the following:—

Mr. Brown—Sir, please send me two dozen Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters by the first boat. I have sold all the first lot. Our customers received them very highly, and say are recommended by every one that purchases.

Yours, in haste, E. MASON.

The following is a recommendation from Falmouth:—

To Mr. Brown, Chemist, Boston.

I certify that my wife has been afflicted with a very bad humor on her face, and at her stomach, for fifteen years past—After using various medicines recommended for her complaints with little or no benefit, she commenced using the advertised Mr. Brown and Mason, Apothecary, your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, and after using one bottle of the Sarsaparilla and one bottle of the Bitters, she found relief, and has continued to use them for the last fifteen years; and I can cheerfully recommend it to all and every one who is afflicted with any of the complaints which the medicine is recommended for, to use in preference to any other I ever knew.

Yours, Respectfully, J. B. LEACH.

Falmouth, May 21, 1844.

Sold, wholesale and retail, by F. BROWN, Chemist, 68 Washington street, Boston; at Wm. Brown, 481 Washington street, Boston; and by Druggists and regular appointed Agents in the city and country.

Agents. Paris, THOMAS CROOKER; Norway, A. C. Dennison & Co.; North Livermore, J. Coolidge; Canton Mills J. M. Dealon; Dixfield, Chas. T. Cole; Rumford, Joshua Graham; Rumford Corner, J. H. Wardwell; Woodstock, J. F. W. Gould; E. Welch, J. & E. Deane; Augusta, F. Fuller.

SETH W. FOWLE, sole Agent for New England. Office 138 Washington St., Boston. Single boxes, 25 cts. Double do. do. boxes, 50 cts. with full directions.—Aug 27 3m

GREAT
ENGLISH REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE great and only Remedy for Colds, Coughs Asthma, and Consumption, is the HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE, discovered by the celebrated Dr. Buchan of London, England, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Its extraordinary success in all this country, in all cases of Pulmonary diseases, warrants the American Agent in declaring its treatment the WORST POSSIBLE CASES that can be found in any of the common complaints of the day, will be found given up by the most distinguished Physicians as *Confirmed and Incurable.* The Hungarian Balsam of Life will cure even the *most desperate of Cases.* It is purely a vegetable preparation, and obtained by Extracts of Roots and Herbs from the Forests of Hungary.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to be used on the commencement of disease, but to be used on every occasion in all cases of Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Incipient and Settled case of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Inflammation, Croup, Fever, Night Sweats, Influenza, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Such maladies as lead to Consumption.

Pamphlets, containing a full description of the Hungarian Balsam of Life, with certificates of its unparalleled success in the cure of the above complaints, and other evidences of its superiority over all other great English Remedies, may be had of the Agents gratuitously.

DAVID F. BRADLEE, sole Agent for the United States, 119 Court-street, Boston.

Agents.

Paris, M. Hammond; Norway, Hall & Dow; Fryeburg, Grover & Burbank; Turner, John Lesher; Jackson, Charles P. Chase; Poland, Wm. Chandler, Hebron, H. L. Baker—Bernard, J. H. Wardwell; Portland, Thomas Moses.

June 3, 1845. 1y1

BLANKS.

A good assortment of BLANKS may be found at

B. WALTON'S
BOOK-STORE,

PARIS-HILL, Me. opposite the Stage House.

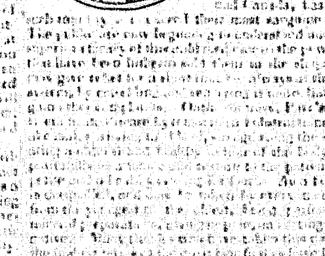
Among which are

Town Orders,	Warrantee Deeds,
Justice Writs,	Mortgage do.
Court do.	Quit-claim do.
Justice Executions,	Administrator's do.
Bill of Sale,	Guardian's do.
Sheriffs' Sale,	Mortgage on personal
Sheriffs' Returns,	property,
Bail Bonds,	Poor Debtor's Oath,
Marriage Certificates,	Highway Surveyors Bills,

and many others which are in common use. Persons in want of Blanks, of any kind, call and see

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,
Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner,
PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY

All business in the line of the above offices will be promptly attended to. Paris Hill, Nov 21 1842. 4f



GREAT
ENGLISH REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE great and only Remedy for Colds, Coughs Asthma, and Consumption, is the HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE, discovered by the celebrated Dr. Buchan of London, England, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Its extraordinary success in all this country, in all cases of Pulmonary diseases, warrants the American Agent in declaring its treatment the WORST POSSIBLE CASES that can be found in any of the common complaints of the day, will be found given up by the most distinguished Physicians as *Confirmed and Incurable.* The Hungarian Balsam of Life will cure even the *most desperate of Cases.* It is purely a vegetable preparation, and obtained by Extracts of Roots and Herbs from the Forests of Hungary.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to be used on the commencement of disease, but to be used on every occasion in all cases of Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Incipient and Settled case of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Inflammation, Croup, Fever, Night Sweats, Influenza, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Such maladies as lead to Consumption.

Pamphlets, containing a full description of the Hungarian Balsam of Life, with certificates of its unparalleled success in the cure of the above complaints, and other evidences of its superiority over all other great English Remedies, may be had of the Agents gratuitously.

DAVID F. BRADLEE, sole Agent for the United States, 119 Court-street, Boston.

Agents.

Paris, M. Hammond; Norway, Hall & Dow; Fryeburg, Grover & Burbank; Turner, John Lesher; Jackson, Charles P. Chase; Poland, Wm. Chandler, Hebron, H. L. Baker—Bernard, J. H. Wardwell; Portland, Thomas Moses.

June 3, 1845. 1y1

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THOMAS PARR.
Born 1483—Died 1635.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—He, that Medicine is the greatest blessing, which restores health to the greatest number of men, at the cheapest rate of money, with the least inconvenience to the patient, and in the shortest time. Such a medicine is PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have performed more real cures, and given more general satisfaction in the United States, within the last two years, than any other medicine ever before offered to the public. Their unparalleled success in curing the most obstinate diseases, has induced many unprincipled persons to attempt counterfeiting them, and to offer for sale a spurious article, under the name of Parr's Life Pills. The genuine Parr's Life Pills can be had only of the Agents whose names are published in the following list, who have been appointed by the proprietors, and to whom counterfeiters will be prosecuted to the utmost extent of the law. Be sure and ask for Parr's Life Pills, and observe that each box has a fac simile of the likeness of Thomas Parr, the Centenarian, and the name of the Pills blown in the glass. All others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents per box. Full directions accompany each box.

Sold, wholesale and retail, by F. BROWN, Chemist, 68 Washington street, Boston; at Wm. Brown, 481 Washington street, Boston; and by Druggists and regular appointed Agents in the city and country.

Agents. Paris, THOMAS CROOKER; Norway, A. C. Dennison & Co.; North Livermore, J. Coolidge; Canton Mills J. M. Dealon; Dixfield, Chas. T. Cole; Rumford, Joshua Graham; Rumford Corner, J. H. Wardwell; Woodstock, J. F. W. Gould; E. Welch, J. & E. Deane; Augusta, F. Fuller.

SETH W. FOWLE, sole Agent for New England. Office 138 Washington St., Boston. Single boxes, 25 cts. Double do. do. boxes, 50 cts. with full directions.—Aug 27 3m